

A V T O M A C H I A,
OR
The SELF-CONFLICT of a
Christian.



TO THE MOST NOBLE,
virtuous, and learned Lady, the
Lady MARY NEVIL,
One of the Daughters of the right Honourable
the Earle of D O R C E T, Lord
High-Treasurer of England.

Addc but an A, to Romanize your Name,
ANOTHER PALLAS is your Anagram:

(videlicet)

MARIA NEVILA.
ALIA MINERVA.

Madame,

STANZES DEDICATORY.

I

*M*Adame, your loue to learning and the learned,
(In such an Age, so full of Art's neglect)
Right worthily to your rare Selfe hath earned
The loue of learning and the learned sect;

Whereby,

STANZES DEDICATORY.

Wheraby, your Name already is eterned
In MEMORIE's faire TEMPLE hie erect:
And there, devoutly at your VERTV's Shrine,
I humbly Offer this poore MITE of mine.

Too

STANZES DEDICATORY.

2

Too small a Present to so great a GRACE,
And too unworthy of your Worthinesse:
Save that the Matter so exceeds the Masse,
That oft (perhaps) a Greater may be lesse:

For,

STANZES DEDICATORY.

For, you may see, within this little Glasse, (neſſe.
The LITTLE-WORLD's Great-Little-Minded-
Man's ſtrife with Man: our Flesh & Spirit in Duel:
Courageous-Cowards, 300 Self-kindely-cruel.

Vouchſafe

STANZES DEDICATORY.

3

Vouchsafe to accept then this small New-yeares-Gift,
With th' humble Vowes of a dis-Astred Muse,
That lawishly hath sow'n her seeds of Thrift:
So high and drie that yet no Fruit ensues;

Els

STANZES DEDICATORY.

*Els need she not haue made so hard a Shift,
Nor this Small Gift so greatly to excuse:
But, sith (as yet) she cannot what she wold,
Madame, accept her Zeale, and what she could.*

i. I

Most

Moſt deuoted
to your Honorable Vertues,

J. S.

2. 0

A V T O M A C H I A,
OR
*The SELF-COMFLICT of a
Christian.*

V Ertue I loue, I leane to Vice: I blame
This wicked World, yet I embracie the same:

B

I

A V T O M A C H I A.

I clime to Heauen, I cleave to Earth : I both
Too-loue my Selfe, and yet my Selfe I loath:
Peacelesse, I Peace pursue : In Ciuell Warre,
With, and against my Selfe, I ioine, I iatre :
I burne, I freeze : I fall downe, I stand fast:
Well-ill I fare : I glory, though disgrac't:

A V T O M A C H I A.

I die a-lieue: I triumph put to flight:
I feed on Cares : In Teares I take delight:
My siaue (base-braue) I serue: I roame at large.
In libertie, yet lie in Gaolers charge:
I strike, and stroake my selfe : I kyndly keen
Work mine own woe, rub my gal, rouz my spleen:

B 2

Oft

A V T O M A C H I A.

Oft in my sleepe, to see rare dreames, I dreame;
Waking, mine eye doth scarce discern a beame:
My minde's strange *Megrim* whirling to and fro,
Now thrusts me hither, thither then doth throw:
In diuers Factions I my Selfe diuide;
And all I trie, and flic to euery side:

What

A V T O M A C H I A.

What I but now desir'd, I now disdaine :
What late I weigh'd not, now I wish againe :
To-day, to-morrow ; This, that ; Now, anon :
All, nothing craue I (euer neuer-one).

Dull Combatant, vnready for the field,
Too-tardie take I after wounds my shield :

B 3

Still

A V T O M A C H I A.

Still hurri'd head-long to vnlawfull things,
Down-dragging Vice me downward easly dings:
But sacred Vertue climes so hard and hie,
That hardly can I her steepe steps descrie.
Both Right and Wrong with me indifferent are:
My Lust is Law: what I desire, I dare:

(Is

AVTOMACHIA.

(Is there so foule a Fault, so fond a Fact,
Which Follie asking, Furie dares not act ?).
But Art-lesse-hart-lesse in Religion's cause
(To doo her Lessons, and defend her Lawes)
The all-proofe armor of my G o D I lose,
Flie from my Charge, and yeeld it to his foes.

B 4

Guiltie

A V T O M A C H I A.

Guiltie of sinne, sinn's punishment I shunne,
But not the guilt, before th' offence be done :
For, how could shunning of a sinne, ensue
To be occasion of another new ?
Oft and againe at the same stome I trip
(As if I learn'd by falling, not to slip).

Aliue

A V T O M A C H I A.

Aliue I perish and my Selfe vndoo,
Mine eyes (self-wise) witting and willing too.

Sicke, to my Selfe I run for my reliefe,
So, sicker of my Physicke than my griefe:
For, while I seeke my swelting Thirst to swage,
Another Thirst more ragingly doth rage:

While

A VTOMACHIA.

While, burnt to death, to coole me I desire,
With flames my flames, with sulphur quēch I fire:
While that I striue my wauing Waues to stop,
More wauingly, they waue aboue my top:
Thus am I cur'd, this is my common ease,
My medcine still worse than my worst disease.

My

AVTOMACHIA.

My sores with sores, my wounds wth wounds I heale,
While, to my Selfe my Selfe I still conceale.

O what leud Leagues ! what Truces make I still
With Sin, and Sathan, and my wanton Will !
What slight Occasions do I take to sin !
What sillic Traines am I entrapped in !

What

A V T O M A C H I A.

What idle cloaks for crimes ! What nets to hide
Notorious sinnes, already long descri'd !

I write in Ice, Windes witnes, sign'd with Showrs,
I will redeeme my foule Life's former howrs,
And soon the swindege of Custom (whirlwind like)
Rapting my passion (cuer Fashion sicke)

Transports

A V T O M A C H I A.

Transports me to the contrary : alone,
Faint Guard of Goodnes ; Arm-les Champion.

My morrall Taste doth nothing sweeter finde,
Than what is bitter to th'immortall minde.

Aegypt's fat Flesh-pots I am longing-for,
'Th'eternall Manna I do eu'en abhor.

World's

A V T O M A C H I A.

World's Monarch *Mammon* (Dropsie mystical)
Crown'd round-fac't Goddess, coined *Belial*,
M:das Desire, the Miser's only Trust,
The sacred hunger of *Pactolian* dust,
Gold, Gold bewitches me, & frets accurst
My greedy throat with more than *Dipsian* Thirst.

My

A V T O M A C H I A.

My minde's a Gulfe, whose gaping nought can
My hart a hell that never hath enough : (stufce :
The more I haue, I craue, and lesse content :
In store most poore, in plentie indigent :
For, of these Cates how much soe'r I cramme,
It doth nor stop my mouth, but stretch the same.

Sweet

A V T O M A C H I A.

Sweet Vsurie's incestuous Interest,
For Dallers, dolours hoordeth in my chest: (sure
The World's. slave Profit, & the Minds. slut Plea-
(Insatiat both, both boundlesse, both past measure,
This, Cleopatra; That, Sardanapale)
For huge Annoyes, bring Ioyes but short & small.

A V T O M A C H I A.

O Miracle ! begot by Heau'n of Earth
(Of Minde diuine, of Body brute by birth)

O what a Monster am I to depaint!

Half-friend, half-fiend; half-sauage, half-a-faine

Higher than my Fier doth my grosse Earth aspire :

My raging Fleſh my restleſſe Force doth tire :

C

And,

AVTOMACHIA.

And, drunk wth world's Must, & deep sunk in sleep,
My Spirit (the Spie that wary watch should keep)
Betraies alas (woe that I trust it so)
My Soule's deere kingdome to her deadly foe.

Through Care's *Charybdis*, and rough Gulfs of
Star-lar-beord run I, failing all my life (Griefe,
On

A V T O M A C H I A.

On merrie-sorrie Seas : my Winde, my Will;
My Ship, my Flesh ; my Sense, my Pilot still.
As in a most seditious Common-Weale,
Within my brest I feele my best rebell :
Against their Prince my furious People rise :
Their awlesse Prince dares his owne Law despise.

C a

Minc

A V T O M A C H I A.

Mine *Eue's* an Out-law, and my struggling Twins
Jacob and *Esau* never can be friends;
Such deadly feud, such discord, such despight
(Euen betweene Brethren) such continuall fight.

What's done in me, another doth, not I;
Yet, both (alas) my Guest and Enemie:

My

A V T O M A C H I A.

My minde vnkinde (suborned by my foe)
Indeed, within me, but not with me tho;
Neere, yet farre off: in fleshly lees besoil'd,
And with the Wo:ld's contagious filth defil'd.

I am too narrow for mine owne Desires:
My Selfe denies me what my Selfe requires:

C 3

I

A V T O M A C H I A.

I feare and hope: carelesse, in Cares I languish:
Hungry, too full: dry-drinking, sugred-anguish:
Wearie of life, merrie in death: I sucke
Wine from the Pumice, Hony from the Rocke.
On thornes my grapes: on garlik growes my rose:
Frō crums my summs: siō flint my fountain flowes.

In

AVTOMACHIA.

In shoures of teares mine houres offears I mourn,
My looks to brooks, my beams to streams I turn:
Yet in this Torrent of my Torment rise
I sink annoies, and drink the ioies of life. (cleer:

Dim Light, brim Night, Beames wauing cloudy-
Vnstable State, void Hope, vain Helpe, far-neer:

C 4

False-

A V T O M A C H I A.

False-true Persuasion, Lawlesse Lawfulness :
Confused method ; milde-wilde, Warlike Peace :
Disordered Order, Mournfull merriments :
Dark-day, wrong-way ; dull, double-diligence :
Infamous Fame, know'n Error, skillesse Skill :
Mad Minde, rude Reason, an vnwilling Will :

A

A V T O M A C H I A.

A healthy plague, a wealthy want, poore treasure:
A pleasing Torment, a tormenting Pleasure:
An odious Loue, an ougly Beauty; base
Reproachfull Honour, a disgracefull Grace:
A fruitlesse Fruit, a drie dis-flowred Flower:
A feeble Force, a conquered Conquerour:

Ä

A V T O M A C H I A.

A sickly Health, dead Life, and restlesse Rest:
These are the Comforts of my Soule distrest.

O how I like ! dislike ! desire ! disdaine !
Repell ! repeale ! loath ! and delight againe !
O what ! whom ! whether !(neither flesh nor fish)
How weary of, the same againe I wish!

A VTOMACHIA.

I will, I nill; I nill, I will : my Minde
Persuading This, my Lust to That inclin'd:
My loose Affection (*Proteus-like*) appeeres
In euery forme : at-once it frownes and fleeres.
Mine ill-good Will is vaine and variable :
My (*Hydra*) Flesh buds Heads innumerable :

My

A V T O M A C H I A.

My Minde's a Maze, a Labyrinth my Reason:
Mine Eye (false Spie) the doore to Fancie's trea-
My rebell Sense (Self-soothing) still affects (son.
What it shoule flie; what it shoule plie, negle&ts.
My flitting Hope with Passion-stormes is tost
But now to Heau'n, anon to Hell almost.

Concording

A VTOMACHIA.

Concording Discord kils me, and againe
Discording Concord doth my life maintaine.

My Selfe at-once I both displease and please :
Without my Selfe my Selfe I faine would sease :
For, my too-much of Mee, mee much annoyes ;
And my Selfe's Plentie my poore Selfe destroys.

Who

A V T O M A C H I A.

Who seekes mee in Mee, in mee shall not finde
Mee as my Selfe : Hermaphrodite, in minde
I am at-once Male, Female, Neuter : yet
What e'r I am, I am not Mine (I weet) :
I am not with my Selfe (as I conceiue)
Wretch that I am ; my Selfe my Selfe deceiue :

Vnto

A V T O M A C H I A.

Vnto my Selfe, my Selfe my Selfe betray:
I from my Selfe banish my Selfe away:
My Selfe agree not with my Selfe a iot:
Know not my Selfe ; I haue my Selfeforgot:
Against my Selfe my Selfe moue iarres vniust:
I trust my Selfe, and I my Selfe distrust:

My

A V T O M A C H I A.

My Selfe I follow, and my Selfe I fie :
Besides my Selfe, and in my Selfe am I :
My Selfe am not my Selfe , another Same :
Vnlike my Selfe, and like my Selfe I am :
Selfe-fond, Selfe-furious : and thus, wayward Elfe,
I can not live with nor without my Selfe.

✓ come

A comfortable Exhortation to
the Christian, in his
Self-Conflict.

WHY, silly Man, sicke of exceeding Griefe,
What boots it thee, vncertaine of thy life?

D

Of

An Exhortation.

Of thy Disease to make so much a-doo :
Thou coward Souldier, and vntoward too ?
Away with Feare : and, Death of Death and Hell,
Meet armes with armes, & darts with darts repell :
So the first Onset in this doubtfull Fray,
Shall towards Heau'n make thee an easie way :

And

An Exhortation.

And open wide those Gates (so hardly wonne)
Where snowie-winged Victorie doth wunne.
Thou must be valiant, and with dauntlesse brest,
Rush through the thickest, run vpon the best
Of th'aduerse Hoast ; and on their flight & foile,
Build noble Tropheis of triumphant spoile.

D 2

For,

An Exhortation.

For, this world's Prince, dark Lucifer's Potentate
Drifts Earth's destruction; and with deadly hate
(Still strife-full) labours, and by all meanes seeks
To trouble all, and Heauen with Hell to mix.
Great War within there is, great War without,
With Flesh & Blood, and with the World about.

On

An Exhortation.

On this side, smiling *Hope* with smoothest brow
False-promiseth long Peace and Plentie too:
On that side, fallow *Feare* with fainting breath
Checks these proud thoughts, w threats of war &
And, weary of it Selfe, it Selfe distrusts, (death,
It Selfe destroyes, and to Confusion thrusts,

D 3

And

An Exhortation.

And ignorant of it Selfe's good (till triall).

In ielous rage it euen betraies the loyall.

Heer cloud-brow'd Sorrow, whirl-wind-like it hies,
Th'amatted Minde to tesse and tyrannize.

There, dimpled Joy nimblly enringeth round
Her gaudie Troops that stand vpon no ground;

Whose

An Exhortation.

Whose brittle glosse and glory, lafts and shines,
As stubble-fier, and dust before the windes.
What should I speake of all the snarefull Wiles,
And cunning colours of mysterious Guiles,
Wherwith death's Founder & our life's draf Foe
Imprudent Man-kinde doth ouerthrow ?

D 4

Yet

An Exhortation.

Yet, be couragious, yeeld not vnto Euill:
Refist beginnings, and defie the Deuill.
And for defence amid these fierce Alarmes,
Quicke buckle-on these ave-victorius Armes.
First, gird thy loines with *Truth*: thy bosom dresse
With the sure *Brest-place* of pure *Righteousnesse*:
Put

An Exhortation.

Put on thy head the *Helmet* of Saluation :
Vpon thy feet *Shooes* of the Preparation
Of the *Glad-Newes* of Peace: vpon thine arme
The *Shield* of *Faith* (shot-free from euery harme)
Hel's fiery darts repel thou with the same, (flame.
And through it's splendor quench their flame with
Take

An Exhortation.

Take in thy hand the bright two-edged *Sword*
Of God's soule-parting, marrow-piercing *Word*.
Thus compleat-arm'd from God's own *Arcenall*,
And neuerceasing on his Name to call,
Thou questionlesse shalt quickly ouercome
The *World*, the *Flesh*, *Sin*, *Death*, & *Hell*, in sum.

And

An Exhortation.

And so (through CHRIST thy Captain & thy King)
Of Sin, thy Selfe, and Sathan triumphing,
Thou shalt (in fine) the happy crowne obtaine,
And in th' eternall promis'd Kingdome raigne.

F I N I S.

L O N D O N,
Printed by MELCH. BRADWOOD for
EDWARD BLOVNT.

1607.

